Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Rithard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, fool
My conscience hath a thousand se
And euery tongue brings in a seue
And euery tale condemnes me fo
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dy
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each
Throng all to the barre, crying
I shall despaire, there is no creatu
And if I die, no soule shall pittie
And wherfore should they? since
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my s
Me thought the soules of all that
Came all to my tent, and euery o
To morrowes vengeance on the

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I:
Hath twise done salutation to the
Your friends are vp, and buckle
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue drea
What thinkst thou, will our frie
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I fea
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be n
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, sh
Haue strooke more terror to the
Then can the substance of ten th
Armed in proofe, and led by sha
Tis not yet neare day, come goe
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ew
To heare if any meane to shrink

Enter the Lords to R

Lords. Good morrow *Richmon*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)